



The Soldier.

TUNE--THE HARDY TAR.

HOW oft is tun'd the pol-sh'd lays,
With true poetic spirit,
And is sung British seamen's praise,
Their courage and their merit;
But shall the youth, whom valour fires,
His virtues be neglected?
While he to glorious Fame aspires,
O think! you are protected.

CHORUS.

For surely they deserve reward,
And merit consolation,
Then Britons view, with kind regard,
The soldier's honour'd station.

Altho' to better fortune born,
Alas! he's unprovided,
Of friends behold him now the scorn,
Each hapless want derided!
The merry fife and drum are heard,
He leaves each native charmer,
And as he views the glitt'ring sword,
His resolution's warmer.

He marches thro' the tedious day,
Reflections now oppress him,
He sighs, but onward makes his way,
While anxious cares distress him;
Should haggard famine threaten round,
He cheerful takes his duty,
Unmov'd, tho' terrors now abound,
And toasts his fav'rite beauty.

See on the plain, in dire array,
The dauntless Foe appearing,
While hope, with seraphic ray,
His conscious bosom cheering;
The fight's begun with vengeful ire,
Yet he the shock enduring,
Now wing'd with death, see smoke and fire
The blushing day obscuring.

The humble Muse attempts, in vain,
To sing each toil and danger,
Inur'd to hardship, care, and pain,
Yet still to fear a stranger;
When peace illumines fair Albion's shore,
While comforts you inherit,
Should he your bounty then implore,
Relieve his suff'ring merit.